

# No Viking's Woman

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Summary: "Astrid! The things we could do together! With you by my side we could raze Berk to the ground! You would be remembered by future generations as a goddess of war and songs of your might would echo throughout the ages." - When Astrid finds herself taken by the Berserker clan she struggles with her identity as a Woman, and as a Warrior. \*Rated M for lemon(s)\*

## 1. Chapter 1

\_This story takes place near the start of the third season. Astrid and Hiccup are 19. It is rated 16+ for later chapters, and mature themes.\_

\_All characters are owned by Dreamworks\_

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><p>It was a beautiful day for a flight Astrid thought to herself as Berk disappeared from view. Stormfly who was happy for the exercise squawked in warning as she tucked her wings and barrel rolled through the sky. Astrid ducked down in her saddle, laughing as the roll turned into a nose dive that ended at the ocean's surface. Stormfly evened out; dragging her talons through the water and spraying her rider with a light mist.<p>

It wasn't often that Hiccup allowed the riders to venture away from the island on their own but today was a rare exception. Stormfly had been making leaps and bounds with Astrid in helping to tame a group of wild Deadly Nadders which the riders had discovered on a not too distant island. Normally Hiccup or Fishlegs would travel with her to the island every Thursday to observe the training sessions. This week however, Fishlegs had come down with a fever and Hiccup's father had decided it was "high time ye got some practice at chieftaining son." Hiccup conceded to her that neither the twins nor Snotlout would serve as helpful observers; so today she was on her own.

Hiccup had cautioned her before she left, "We don't know what Dagur is planning, or where hee might turn up. Please be careful Astrid."

"You worry too much Hiccup," she teased, putting him in a friendly headlock. "I can take on any viking in Berk and come out the victor; Dagur doesn't scare me."

"Any viking ye say?" Astrid released Hiccup and whirled to see Gobber and the chief standing behind them with looks of amusement on their bearded faces,

"Maybe one day girl, but not quite yet." Stoick's face became stern, "If you see any sign of trouble in your travels do not fight them; flee."

"Understood sir." Astrid offered Hiccup a parting smile before running accross the village to fetch Stormfly.

Hiccup must have thought her out of earshot when she heard him say, "I hope she listens to you dad, she doesn't to me."

Astrid smirked at the thought; of course she listened to Hiccup, except when he was wrong that is, and she always told him when he was wrong...unless he wasn't around. In those few times she always made the best decision she could; although she could understand why Hiccup would feel differently about the issue.

Her smile dissapeared when she heard the chief's response; "Of course she challenges you son; she's a smart woman, just like your mother was. Astrid will be a wonderful match for you one day; the perfect woman for a viking chief."

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><p>"Perfect woman," Astrid spat, recalling the chiefs words to his son, "I'm a fierce viking warrior; why can't anyone see that?" Stormfly bobbed her head in agreement before regaining altitude. The truth was that only Hiccup saw her as a warrior; there had never been a time she could remember where he had treated her as anything less than an equal and she respected him for that more than anything else.<p>

She could admit to herself that the idea of becoming Hiccup's wife was not displeasing; he was handsome, she respected him (and vise versa), and he listened to her council...but to the rest of the town she would always be "the chief's woman". She wanted more than that; she wanted songs sung about her bravery as well. Would Hiccup still allow her to fight by his side if they married? She wanted to believe he would, but she had seen marraige change a person... "I will never be any Viking's woman." she told Stormfly, "You and I are an awesome team, and we don't need a man to fight our battles for us." Her dragon squawked in agreement, and they descended into a clearing on the north side of the island.

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><p>In a small cove just east of where Astrid set down was a landing party from a single Berserker ship. From the cover of the trees they

could hear the cry of Astrid's Nadder as it landed not two miles from their position. "Excellent," the most recent in a long line of captains grinned at his chief, "we will be upon them soon your Deranged-ness."<p>

Dagur rolled his eyes at the man whose name he had forgotten- why bother remembering when he'll likely be dead in a week? "Bo-ring, let's just get this over with. Remember; if Hiccup is there, kill the rest. If he's not, we capture them for a trade." He grinned maliciously at the thoughts floating around his mind. It had been so long after all since his axe had tasted worthy human flesh. Dagur had a feeling today would be glorious.

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><p>"Alright Stormfly, feeding time." Astrid's dragon settled onto the ground beside her so she could dig the chicken out of her bag. It wasn't much; just enough to be considered a treat. After all, these wild dragons still needed to hunt for themselves. She fed Stormfly first, to remind the other Nadders that she was the top of the pecking order. The others lined up to receive theirs and took the food gently from her hand. Once they were all fed, Stormfly stood, letting out a loud call that the other dragons answered. Immediately they formed ranks to Astrid's surprise. "Did Hiccup teach you that?" she asked to no dragon in particular. They all squawked back as one. "Showoff." she muttered, but was none the less impressed. After all, she had only left a moment before him last week on Toothless when he said he wanted to "try something".<p>

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><p>"It's only one girl." the captain grinned eyeing her over Dagur's head, "This will be too easy."<p>

"You idiot," Dagur growled, "she has an army of dragons with her. This will be glorious! The woman and her dragon are mine, the rest of you; kill the others."

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><p>It happened so fast Astrid barely had time to react. Berserker warriors dove at the Nadders from every brush surrounding the clearing. Luckily Stormfly was quicker than her, taking to the sky she fired spines at their attackers and pinning more than one. Axe in hand Astrid flew at the nearest Berserker; <em>Hiccup's warnings be damned,<em> she thought, \_no one is harming my dragons.\_ She struck the man with the blunt side of her axe, knocking him out cold on the ground. Whirling, she struck another in the same manner, and another... that was when she realized that none of them were paying her any heed.

"Oh pretty laaa-dy," Astrid's knuckled turned white as she tightened her grip around her axe; she knew that voice, "such ferocity in your swings. You took out three of my men before you even realized they had been ordered to ignore you." Dagur strolled out of the forest and Astrid saw his trademark grin paired with his dangerous, insane stare. "But you didn't kill them. It's a shame really," he twirled his axe in his hands as he spoke, "if you had finished them off I may have asked you to join me; I would love to have a woman with your kind of abilities." He licked his lips and Astrid felt a chill of

disgust run down her spine.

Astrid called to her dragon; "Stormfly! Help the other Nadders. Dagur is mine." Her eyes were cold; Astrid was glad Hiccup was not here to see this. Dagur the Deranged was aptly named, but she had seen him fight, and she was certain she could defeat him; once and for all. "You are going to regret your decision to come here Dagur. Hiccup isn't here to keep me in line and I am ready to end this; permanently." The two were circling each other now, weapons drawn and waiting for the right moment to strike.

"Oh-hoh-hoh! So it's Hiccup who tamed the wild Astrid then." Dagur's voice sang in that mocking tone she hated. "I'm sure he will pay most dearly for the safe return of his woman."

"I am nobody's woman!" Astrid yelled as she flew at him, axe raised. She noticed too late the slight change to the grin on his face; it had become a smirk of satisfaction. Dagur reached behind his back grabbing a shield with speed Astrid did not know the man possessed. The shield bashed her in the face while simultaneously blocking her overhead blow. Astrid felt the handle of Dagur's axe hit her gut with such force that she felt sick.

Astrid dropped to the ground heaving, and Dagur secured her wrists. "You are very wrong Astrid; you are my woman now," he hissed in her ear, "and if you're lucky I might just decide to let you live." Pulling Astrid to her feet Dagur called to his men. "It's time to go! Leave the dead and unconscious for dragon food." Grinning at Astrid he added, "Berserkers do not believe in mercy; if you're weak you die...but you; you are smart, and strong for a girl. I'm actually surprised I rattled you so easily. Despite losing to me, my offer still stands; after all that swing was meant to kill." A Nadder screeched above them and Dagur looked up to see Stormfly diving straight for them. Pulling out a knife, the Berserker chief drew it to Astrid's throat, "Call off your dragon. Better yet, bring it down here."

Astrid obeyed, her voice chill with rage, "Stormfly land. Don't fight." Her dragon heeded her call, but she snapped at the nearby Berserkers.

"Captain compose a letter," Dagur instructed, "inviting Hiccup to the Wedding of Dagur the Deranged and Astrid..." the knife pressed against her throat.

"Hofferson," she growled. It's good that you know the full name of the warrior who will kill you.

"Very good," Dagur grinned, "attach it to the saddle. Astrid my deadly flower, if you would be so kind as to order your dragon back to Berk?" the knife pressed, and through gritted teeth the order was made.

As Stormfly disappeared in the distance Astrid felt Dagur's hand against her leg. "Such a well toned body," he cooed, "I wonder, have you let Hiccup explore it yet?" His hand moved up her leggings, under her armored skirt. Astrid kicked as hard as she could, landing a solid blow to his kneecap. "Oww! You will regret that." Dagur hissed.

"Touch me again and I'll aim higher." She spat.

Dagur grinned fiercely at her, "So there's still fight in you. Good, I'll make a Berserker out of you yet. Take her to the ship," he ordered, "and chain her legs to my cabin floor."

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><p><em>I love feedback if you have any; be it on plot, writing style, whatever!<em>

## 2. Chapter 2

\_Once again all characters are owned by Dreamworks\_

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><p>It was late afternoon when Stormfly returned to the island. Hiccup was at the docks with his father and was the first to see the blue dragon approach. Waving and calling out, Stormfly landed beside him, and Hiccup was shocked to see that Astrid was not riding her. "What happened Stormfly? Where is Astrid?" Hiccup stroked the dragon's head as he spoke, trying to calm the upset creature. Stormfly's head jerked around to her saddle, and Hiccup saw the paper, marked with the Berserker crest. "We have to find the others," he told the dragon, mounting her and taking off towards the arena.<p>

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><p>Astrid had never felt so humiliated in her life. The whole idea that she was a commodity to be owned by a man was what had put her in this situation. She should have listened to Hiccup, but she had wanted to prove herself, and Dagur had been able to manipulate her so easily when he had seen her rage... it was embarrassing. The Berserkers had taken her armor away; she only had her top and leggings to keep her warm and it wasn't nearly enough. The ship was sailing towards Berk, and the air was getting cooler. She was cold, thirsty, hungry, and her stomach throbbed from the blow she'd received. Dagur had spent the past four hours above deck, but she knew it was only a matter of time before he came to her.<p>

Struggling against her restraints Astrid groaned; there was no way she could break free. "Hurry Hiccup," she whispered to the empty room, "I'm so sorry I didn't listen."

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><p>"We need to move faster!" Hiccup yelled to the other riders who were already falling behind the faster nightfury. Stormfly squawked in agreement, driven by the knowledge that the end of this journey would reunite her with Astrid.<p>

"Meatlug can barely maintain this speed Hiccup!" Fishlegs gave his dragon a reassuring pat, "We need to be able to fight when we get there and have the strength to return home."

"Every second we waste means Astrid could be in more danger." Hiccup

hollered back. "You guys maintain this speed, I'm flying on ahead with Stormfly." Leaning into toothless he yelled, "Let's go get Astrid bud." Within a minute, both dragons were out of sight.

"I don't get it," Snotlout leaned over Hookfang's horns as he spoke, "what's Hiccup so upset about? It's not like we haven't been in situations like this before."

"I'm with him," Tuffnut added, "after all, Astrid can handle herself." Ruff reigned in Barf close enough that she could hit her brother across the head, spinning his helmet. "Awesome! What was that for?" Ruff didn't answer her brother as she evened out and continued straight ahead, but Fishlegs noticed her eyes were red.

"Well, Snotlout," Fishlegs scratched his head not wanting to take his friend through this train of thought, "you think Astrid's a very attractive woman yes?"

"You bet I do. That girl can hardly keep her hands off me." He flexed, and Fishlegs groaned.

"Alright, well let's say you and Astrid were from warring clans and you just happened to capture her and have her restrained." Fishlegs watched Snotlout's face carefully as he worked this out in his mind.

There was a lecherous grin that appeared on his face for just a minute. Then the realization that Dagur was in this exact situation registered in the viking's mind and his expression changed to one of rage. "I'm going to go on ahead as a second wave of attack." His voice was vicious. "Hiccup might need help torching Dagur into a pile of ash." Sensing his rider's anger Hookfang flared up momentarily before taking off.

"I still don't get it." Tuffnut muttered.

"Well you're an idiot." His sister replied.

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><p>Astrid stood tall when she heard the door to the cabin open. Dagur grinned fiercely at her and she met his grin with a scowl of equal power. For a moment the two simply stared each other down. Eventually Dagur realized Astrid would not suffer this defeat as well and laughed, "Oh have it your way," he told her, turning and closing the door, "I can see why Hiccup likes you." Astrid did not answer, only continued to glare defiantly. "He's always liked you you know," Dagur seemed unfazed by her gaze which upset her all the more, "ever since we were kids. He had some serious confidence issues back then let me tell you. I suppose the dragons helped with that; they certainly got your attention."<p>

"Hiccup didn't need the dragons to get my attention Dagur," Astrid growled, "he has always been smart, strong and kind; three things you will never be." She spat at him and Dagur laughed.

"Hiccup? Strong?" He scoffed, "There's a good joke. I'll give you smart though Astrid; he was the one who gave me the idea to use a shield as a weapon. I call it; Shield Bashing. I know it will catch on. What did you think of my technique?"

Astrid couldn't help but chuckle, "It definitely caught me off guard Dagur; a mistake I won't let happen again."

"It wasn't just the shield though was it Astrid?" He was up close in her face now and Astrid winced at the smell of his breath. "You struggle as a warrior woman; no one in your tribe appreciates your fighting prowess do they?" Her glare intensified and he grinned, "I hit a sore spot didn't I? What's the matter Astrid; are you afraid Hiccup's great acts of valor will overshadow his woman's glorious deeds?"

Astrid looked away from him, ignoring the jab and muttering, "Do you ever clean your teeth? Seriously, it smells like something died in there."

"Astrid, Astrid, Astrid!" Dagur turned her head back to him as he spoke with fire in his words. "The things we could do together! With you by my side we could raze Berk to the ground! You would be remembered by future generations as a goddess of war and songs of your might would echo throughout the ages." Astrid blushed, these were the thing she had wanted most for her life, but was she willing to give up her home, her friends, even Hiccup to achieve them? She looked Dagur up and down, for a moment considering what he had said. Realizing he was potentially winning her over, Dagur knelt before her arms outstretched; "What do you say Astrid, be my woman?"

Her jaw locked then, and the side of her mouth raised up in a grin as she shook her head. "You almost had me Dagur," she laughed at how ridiculous she felt for even entertaining his offer, "I do want my own songs, I do want to be seen as a warrior; but I am nobody's woman and I certainly will not become yours to achieve those things."

Her captor scowled, "Have it your way," he growled, "there is more than one way to make you mine." His hands grasped his belt buckle and Astrid felt her stomach sink. \_If I could just get my hands out from behind my back...\_

A cry went up from up on deck but Dagur paid it no heed. His belt and armor were falling to the floor piece by piece as Astrid heard the muffled footfalls down the hull steps. Dagur was advancing towards her now as he worked at the drawstring of his trousers; the cabin door flew open. Astrid barely recognized the viking that stood before her. Hiccup's hair was disheveled, dyed dark red along with his clothes and face which were also smeared with blood. He had left his shield behind on Berk, and was wielding two axes in its place. He looked wild, deadly and angry as his eyes fell on Dagur.

"Hiccup! What a surprise," Dagur's hands were quickly tying his trousers as he searched the room for the nearest weapon. "Your woman was just regaling me with stories of your kindness."

"She is not my woman Dagur, and it seems you've caught me on a bad day;" Hiccup's voice was chill as he advanced on the chief, "all out of kindness." Eyes never leaving Dagur, Hiccup addressed Astrid, "Did he touch you at all?"

"Not since I've been tied up, and he has a busted kneecap for what he did before."

"Do you have any injuries?"

"A nasty bruise on my stomach thanks to his axe hilt."

Astrid watched as Hiccup's face twisted into a malicious grin, "It seems I'll have to pay you back for Astrid, since she's all tied up at the moment." He spun the axes in his hands, and added, "With interest." Diving at the unarmed chief it did not take much for Hiccup to pin Dagur beneath him. "I've put this off far too long; my father had the right idea from the start about how to deal with you." Raising the axe above his head Astrid realized what Hiccup meant to do.

"Stop!"

Her call froze the axe mid swing as Snotlout barreled through the door. "Never fear Astrid, I'm here to...rescue you?" As Snotlout took in the scene he could barely believe his eyes.

The blade of Hiccup's axe was against Dagur's throat, his back to his friend. "Snotlout please free Astrid for me. I'm a little preoccupied." Snotlout walked over to Astrid without a word, finding the key to her chains on a table just out of her reach. "Are Toothless and Stormfly alright up top with Hookfang?" Hiccup asked.

There was a click as the lock around her wrists released, and Snotlout nodded. "They've herded the men to the stern of the ship away from their weapons. There were a lot of bleeding men on deck Hiccup, are you alright?"

"I'm fine. This isn't my blood." His voice was unnervingly even as he spoke. It sent a chill through Astrid's body. "Astrid if I'm not to kill Dagur then what would you have me do?" The blade was still pressing against Dagur's throat and Astrid could see a line of blood forming along it.

Snotlout's hand brushed Astrid's leg as he undid the restraints around her ankles; she rewarded him with a solid kick in the ribs once her feet were free. Stretching her limbs she responded, "Normally I would tell you to tie him up and bring him with us to Berk." Her hand rested on Hiccup's shoulder, and the axe moved ever so slightly away from Dagur's throat. "Today however, I'd appreciate if you'd let him armor himself, while I do the same, and give us each one of those axes. I have a score to settle, and I don't need you to do that for me."

Hiccup did not move at first. Then ever so slowly he handed one axe to Astrid. Then he took the other and sliced into Dagur's cheek, angling the cut from his ear, down to his chin. "Next time you give me reason, an axe is entering your face from this point, and peeling it off along with half your skull," he told the chief matter-of-factly,.

For a split second, Dagur looked genuinely surprised. Then he grinned, "You really do have it in you, don't you brother?" He howled as Hiccup stood, axe in hand. "Here I thought that maybe it was you who had tamed Astrid, but it would seem your woman tamed you."



"Astrid is not my woman Dagur. She is no one's woman but her own. She is a warrior in her own right, and she offers me council when my wisdom falls short. One day I will be chief of my tribe, and I can only hope that she will have me as her man. Never forget that it was her not me who spared your life." Astrid blushed at Hiccup's boldness, and her heart soared to hear the high regard he held for her. "I was wrong to try and take your life; this is her fight, not mine, and it would be a dishonor to Astrid to not allow her the chance to regain her viking's warrior pride."

### 3. Chapter 3

All characters belong to Dreamworks

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><p>Up on deck Astrid was relieved to see that none of the men Hiccup had attacked were fatally wounded. Fishlegs and the twins landed on either side of the boat just as Dagur emerged from the hull, Snotlout following with the second axe in hand.<p>

Hiccup addressed the Berserkers, "This fight is between Astrid and your leader alone. Should anyone try to assist or intervene, the stern of this ship is going to combust." The Berserkers looked to one another confused and Hiccup sighed, "That dragon," he said pointing at Hookfang, "will set the back of this boat on fire if any of you try and help Dagur during this fight." They nodded in understanding, shying as far away from the Monstrous Nightmare as possible.

Astrid's hand rested against Hiccups shoulder and he turned to her, "Please be careful." She smiled reassuringly and was about to make a witty response when he took her in his arms. "I was so worried Astrid." He whispered in her ear, "I thought I'd never see you again. If I had gotten here any later..." his voice trailed off and she hugged him back as tightly as she could.

"I know. I'm sorry I didn't listen to you," she answered, "I'll be careful, but I need to do this."

"I'm wait-ing." Dagur called, swinging his axe at the air as Snotlout backed away.

Hiccup loosened his grip, his hand resting on her waist. "Don't hold back on him. Show him some of that female viking fury."

Astrid grinned, turned, and dove at Dagur.

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><p>Dagur couldn't put his finger on it, but something was different about the way she fought now; Astrid was more confident, controlled, calculating even. If he dodged her swings she would roll in pursuit, if he matched her blows she would redirect them. <em>Maybe it's time to rattle her cage with some verbal sparing,<em> he thought since it seemed to work well last time. "You're putting on a pretty good show Astrid; Hiccup looks really impressed." He had hoped at the mention of the man's name Astrid's eyes would dart, even for a second to the young viking. To his disappointment they remained focused on him and

her attacks kept coming steadily. "My offer still stands you know," he continued, trying to sound casual through his labored breaths, "I would be honored if you would stand by my side in battle. You must see that I am more manly than your \_Hiccup\_."

Astrid's mouth twitched up at the end of his little speech \_my Hiccup\_ she echoed the thought in her mind; it had a nice ring to it. It was time to end this; time to take \_her\_ Hiccup home. Using the terrain of the ship to her advantage, Astrid ran from Dagur around the mast.

He followed, hacking at the air behind her as he went. "Why do you run?" He called after her, visibly huffing, "You can't deny the raw energy between us. The sheer power and terror we could command together..." He was so busy talking Dagur hadn't noticed that Astrid had jumped for a rope hanging from the mast; swinging herself around behind him, she knocked him face first onto the deck.

Astrid kicked the axe away from Dagur's hands, straddling him and grabbing a handful of his hair as she drew her blade to his throat. "Do you concede?" She asked, pulling the blade in closer. To her surprise, Dagur began to howl with laughter.

"Do it Astrid," Dagur grinned up at her with his terrifying eyes, "spill my blood across the ship's deck and claim the Berserker tribe as your own! That is the way of my people after all; give me a Berserker chief's death. You've proven yourself ferocious, you've proven your strength. Now prove to my men you are a killer and you will be their chief! Oh the things we could have achieved if I could have made you my own."

Astrid looked to the Berserkers watching her expectantly, then to each of her friends; Fishlegs looked horrified, Ruff and Tuff were on the edge of their saddles, Snotlout was looking away intently as if something on the ships railing was the most fascinating thing he had ever seen. Her eyes fell at last to Hiccup who was watching her with a cold unfeeling gaze. She understood then that he would not stop her if she chose to take this man's life. Looking down at Dagur, Astrid considered the consequences of this action. It would change Hiccup and her forever; afterwards she would be a killer, and he would have allowed her to become one.

Setting Dagur's head down on the deck, Astrid struck his head with enough force to render him unconscious. Rising, Astrid picked up the second axe and handed them both to Snotlout. "Take your Chief and get out of Berk's waters." She commanded the Berserkers. "Next time we may not be so merciful." Climbing atop their dragons, the group took off. Watching from the sky as the men on board turned the ship around. Not a word was spoken the whole way home.

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><p>It was dark by the time they landed in Berk. Fishlegs flew Meatlug straight home, while the other's put their dragons to bed in the academy. Astrid and Hiccup landed at the docks, sending Stormfly and Toothless on ahead while they walked up the cliff side. They were quiet a long while before Astrid spoke, "You would have let me kill him, wouldn't you Hiccup?" She looked at his face as she spoke, the same cold expression had remained fixed on it since the fight.<p>

"I wish you had let me do it." His voice was as cold as his expression as he spoke; "The things that bastard was going to do to you Astrid..." he flexed his hands then clenched them back into fists. Astrid had never seen him like this before. She remembered the look in his eyes as he barreled through the cabin door, and the twisted smile that formed on his lips when he decided to kill Dagur... she never wanted him to become that person again.

Astrid took his hand in hers, "Dagur never got the chance," she reminded him, "you got there right on time."

Hiccup pulled his hand away from hers, punching the rock wall beside them. In the pale moonlight Astrid could see blood against the grey stone. "If I had been a minute slower... and what did he do that earned him your boot to his kneecap?"

Astrid laughed, "Is that really bothering you? It was the same thing that earned Snotlout a kick in the ribs." Hiccup huffed, he had seen what Snotlout had done, and had not been impressed with his friend. Astrid stood in front of Hiccup with her back to him, taking his left hand in hers. "Dagur started here," she told him, placing his hand on her lower calf, she guided it up her leg to the base of her inner thigh, just above her knee, "and he made it to here before I kicked him."

She released his hand, but it remained, running gently up, and then down her inner thigh. When she moaned Hiccup tensed, "Did you like it?" his voice was shaky as he asked the question, afraid of what her answer might be.

Astrid scoffed at the question, "If I had enjoyed it, I doubt I would have ended up chained to his cabin floor." She pulled away, turning to face him. Confronted with his sad expression she could not lie. "Hiccup it felt good, but I was sickened that he would touch me like that... I don't want anyone but you to touch me like that every again."

Before Hiccup's mind could catch up, his hands were against Astrid's back and waist as he pulled her in to him. They had kissed many times before, but this felt different. This kiss was possessive, passionate and Hiccup could feel his body stir at the touch of her lips. Astrid moaned into him when he nibbled on her lip. When she felt his lips turn up into a grin she bit his lip back a little harder earning a gasp from him.

His hands were traveling her body now, his left buried in her hair as he guided her head back, exposing her neck. He started just beneath her chin, kissing slowly down to the nape of her neck. He lingered there a while, liking the soft noises she made with each kiss, then he traveled up towards her earlobe. She was gasping and panting heavily now, her hands stroking his hair. She pulled his lips back to her own as his right hand moved over her hip. Astrid grabbed it by the wrist, placing it under her skirt. Hiccup chuckled as he came up for air; she had always been forceful, it was something he had always liked about her. Tonight he felt bold enough to match that force.

Grabbing her left leg he wrapped it around his waist, and as his hand grabbed her bottom to support her Astrid obliged in lifting the other. He could feel her against the growing bulge in his trousers

and he groaned as she rubbed herself against him; she was warm, and wet. "I want you Hiccup." She whispered, nibbling on his ear, "I want you to make me your woman."

Propping himself against the stone cliff for support, Hiccup pushed Astrid's shoulders to arms length. His words were spoken between gasps for air, "I thought you didn't want to be any viking's woman?" he asked cautiously. Gods he didn't want to stop, but he wanted her to be sure.

Running her hands through his hair Astrid smiled, "It's different with you Hiccup. It's like you said; I might be your woman, but you would also be my man. Equals, just like we've always been. And I love you for that." She leaned in towards him once more.

At that moment they heard a loud voice from atop the cliff, "The brave warrior returns victorious! Snotlout! Snotlout! Oi! Oi! Oi!" Hiccup chuckled and Astrid let out a snort of laughter through her nose. The heat of the moment had been extinguished thanks to their ridiculous friend.

Hiccup looked Astrid up and down, taking in the way she was in this moment; then he leaned into her, breathing in her scent before saying, "One day soon Astrid, if you will wait for me. I want this more than anything, but I want it to be right." Stroking her cheek, his index finger came to rest under her chin as he pulled her lips to him. He kissed her again, full of urgent passion before lowering her to the ground and offering a sad smile. "I don't want Dagur to overshadow our relationship. I think we should move at the speed we are comfortable with." Lifting her top, and resting his hand on her badly bruised stomach he added, "I also think this should be given time to heal at the very least. I don't want to cause you pain."

Astrid smiled at him, taking his hand in hers they walked the rest of the way up from the docks. He was right after all; she would have never allowed Hiccup such liberties before tonight. He had awoken her desires, and she now understood what it truly meant to become someone's woman. It did not mean sacrificing yourself, it meant giving everything you are, and receiving the same in turn. She wanted to have that with Hiccup; she wanted it more than songs, or great deeds. She knew in her dreams tonight Hiccup would be against those rocks, holding her once more, and that memory would sustain her until they were ready for the next step... although her mind might invent some new details along the way.

\* \* \*

><p>As Hiccup left Astrid's house and headed for his own home a dull ache began to form in his groin. By the time he was through the door, his hands were clutching his waist where the pain had traveled up into his stomach. "Son is Astrid alright?" Hiccup started on the first step, whirling to see his father.<p>

"Oh hey dad, yes Astrid is fine. I'm really tired though; you know, long day, almost killed a man and all." The pain intensified and Hiccup couldn't help but double over, falling to a sitting position on the step.

His father chuckled. "Astrid really did a number on you today didn't

she lad?" Stoik remarked, taking a seat beside his son on the stairs.

"I thought I was going to lose her dad. I...I almost took off Dagur's head!" Hiccup wasn't sure when, but he had returned to his usual self, and couldn't help but be afraid of who he had become today.

"Had you been older and perhaps tasted the blood of battle already, you very well may have son. I know if your mother had ever been in that situation I'd have done the same." His father meant it to be reassuring, but Hiccup shuttered at the memory.

"Dad, I fought today; two axes in hand. Toothless, Stormfly and I disarmed an entire viking ship in a minute. I'm covered in Berserker blood. I swung an axe at Dagur's neck while he was unarmed and pinned to the cabin floor! If Astrid hadn't called out to me..." Hiccup felt another wave of discomfort, and he leaned forward as it passed.

"Love makes a man do things he normally wouldn't," was all the wisdom that Stoik could offer his son, "but I'm proud of you my boy. Not only did you return Astrid home safe, you showed true valor in maintaining that young woman's virtue tonight."

Hiccup's cheeks grew hot and he looked away from his father. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Stoik let out a belly laugh that shook the stairs. "Son, that pain your feeling is what happens when you draw your sword, but aren't ready to use it. And judging from the amount of discomfort you're feeling, I'd say Astrid was very grateful to you." They sat in silence for a moment before his father spoke, "Son, it just occurred to me that you and I have never discussed the ah, way of things between a man and a woman."

Hiccup held up his hands defensively between himself and his father, "Dad please; Snotlout was given the talk when we were eight, and once he knew, we all knew. I feel confident in my understanding of how these things work and I don't need you to review it with me." Embarrassed, Hiccup stood, climbing the stairs once more.

"I suppose you don't want the cure for what ails you then?" his father called after him as Hiccup disappeared around the corner.

Hiccup's head peered back around the stairway, "There's a cure?"

"Aye," his father chuckled, "take yer sword in hand and finish what yeh started. I'm going out for some night air." As the his father opened the door, Toothless ran past Hiccup, down the stairs and outside. Hiccup couldn't help but chuckle. Propping himself up in his bed, he let his mind wander back to Astrid in his arms...

\* \* \*

><p>Dagur awoke on his cabin nearly two hours after being struck. Upon opening the door his captain saluted him, "You most Derangedness sir! Good to see you up and about so quickly!" Dagur didn't so much

as look at the man as he shoved past him onto the deck. Berk's waters were long gone, and he wondered if these idiots had thought to check their bearings; it would be that new captains head if they hadn't.<p>

"Why didn't she kill me?" He asked no one in particular. His ego quickly dismissed such ideas as "pity"...perhaps she was weak willed after all? No. It was against Hiccup's wishes that he was alive; of that Dagur was certain. For her to disobey him proved her will was strong. Why would she defy the decision of the future chief? "Perhaps Hiccup was right," he mused, "maybe she isn't his woman."

A thought occurred to him and he slammed his fist into his open palm, "That must be it! She wants to give me another chance to prove myself worthy of her!" It would take a lot of planning, but he would find a way to win her back. He would prove that he was the strongest warrior, and her only fair match. "Captain!" He called, "Set port in the nearest island. We have some planning to do."

\* \* \*

><p><em>Whelp that's the end of the first story arch. I'm not opposed to writing more, I really love these guys, but it will depend on three things:<em>

\_a) Feedback from this last chapter (If you don't want more why would I make more?)

><em>\_b) Having a second plot for Dagur (because I could ship Hiccup and Astrid till the end of time and not run out of things to write about, Dagur however is tough. So if you have ideas message me!)

><em>\_c) IRL commitments (like my 3 cosplay projects, school and work)\_

#### 4. Chapter 4

\_All characters are still owned by Dreamworks.\_

\* \* \*

><p>As the sun rose over Berk the next morning Astrid awoke to the sound of Stormfly's impatient squawking outside. Letting out a groan the young viking woman pulled her pillow over top of her head in an attempt to muffle the sound, but the Nadder cry was shrill and the noise continued to assault her ears. Finally she gave up, "Alright already," she yelled, sticking her head out her bedroom window, "I know you didn't get fed last night, but would it kill you to let me sleep an extra hour after sunrise? I had a rough day." Her dragon didn't offer a reply; only stared at Astrid expectantly. "Fine! I'm coming, I'm coming..."<p>

Walking around her small room Astrid gathered up her clothes from the night before. Shaking out her leggings she noticed a bloody handprint on their backside. "Great," she muttered, a smile pulling at the corner of her mouth despite the ruined cloth, "that isn't coming out now that it's dry." She tossed the leggings in the corner; maybe she would wear them to bed from now on.

\* \* \*

><p>Astrid wasn't the only one to be awoken that morning by a hungry dragon. Hiccup woke up to the full weight of a Nightfury collapsing on top of him. "Ooph! Really bud?" he groaned, unable to breath. "You couldn't just nudge me awake?" The heavy dragon chortled, crushing Hiccup more as his stomach shook. Pushing Toothless away, Hiccup sat up just in time to wince at the loud Squawking call of the Nadder. "That would have worked too," he told his dragon, who lazily flapped his mouth at Hiccup mimicking him in mocking response.<p>

Throwing his legs over the side of the bed, Hiccup could hear Astrid yelling "Alright already," out her window.

"I guess Astrid is up too then." Hiccup stretched, "Alright bud, let's get us some grub."

\* \* \*

><p>Dagur was not happy. He and his crew had shored up on that dragon infested island where he had captured Astrid, only to find that one of the crew they had abandoned there had survived. His name was Gar and Dagur would have killed him on the spot if his late captain hadn't stopped him. That defiance had earned the man his death. However Dagur conceded the dead man's point. After all, Gar had only been following orders when Astrid struck him down. So he allowed Gar to stay. Sitting on a log nearby the man was now roasting a small mass of chickens over a fire for them to eat. The island was crawling with chickens and dragons but not much else.<p>

"How in Midgard can I prove myself to Astrid?" it was a question Dagur had been mulling over since he had awakened from her blow, but still he had nothing.

"Food's done!" Gar called, and a sudden loud squawking came from the tree line. Dagur turned just in time to see a wild Nadder slow to a halt, waiting patiently beside the fire.

"What is that?" Dagur asked in mild surprise. An idea began to form in his mind.

Gar looked to his chief worried, gestured to the creature. "I named him Spike," he told Dagur, "I think he's one of the Nadders that girl was training." Offering the creature a chicken leg it took the food gently from his hand.

Dagur approached the dragon cautiously, taking the rest of the chicken from Gar, "Do you think it can be rode?" he asked, feeding the Nadder the chicken piece by piece.

"I think it may be possible."

"Good." Dagur turned to the rest of his crew, "I want a rough saddle made for me by night fall." Turning back to Gar he added, "If the dragon won't carry me by then it's your head." With that he patted Spike on the head, walking away. What better way to impress Astrid than by riding Nadder just like her? It was perfect he grinned.

\* \* \*

><p>That afternoon Hiccup entered the academy to find his friends

already gathered. "Okay team, today we are learning how to fight with two weapons." His encounter yesterday on the Berserker ship had brought him to the realization that he was quite adept with two weapons, and it was a skill he wanted to pass on to them.<p>

"Why the Hel would I want two weapons?" Snotlout laughed, "I'm already a badass with one!"

Hiccup picked up two blunted axes and smirked, "Alright, let's see you show me."

Snotlout howled with laughter. "You've never been able to beat me before Hiccup, you really think the second axe will give you an edge?"

"Oh I know it will." Hiccup was grinning from ear to ear, "In fact, why don't you use the mace Snotlout?"

The others stared at Hiccup, thinking he had gone mad. Snotlout shrugged, "If that's what you want Hiccup. It's your funeral I'll be drinking at."

Hiccup nodded, his face became serious as his friend went to retrieve the weapon from the back of the store room. The mace was not usually used in combat practice, and for good reason. The dulled axes and swords could not cut off a limb (though on occasion still broke bone), but a mace was meant for shattering bone; there was no way to make it safer for sparing. Hiccup was not concerned though; he had fought a man wielding one on the Berserker ship and had learned a neat trick with his two axes.

"Are you sure about this Hiccup?" Fishlegs was standing beside Astrid who shared his concerned expression.

"Oh I'm sure," Hiccup's voice as serious as his expression. "Whenever you're ready Snotlout."

Snotlout wasted no time in flying at Hiccup; his weapon poised for a blow to the left side of Hiccup's stomach. Hiccup stepped back enough that the swing hit air. Then his weapons were on the move. Hiccup hooked the curve of his right axe under the head of Snotlout's weapon, and the curve of his left above it. With a solid yank downwards and towards his right, Hiccup pulled the weapon right out of Snotlout's hand. As soon as the weapon was free Hiccup raised his left blade to his friend's throat.

Snotlout glared angrily at Hiccup before lifting his hands in admitted defeat and retreating to the rest of the group who all looked very impressed. "Anyone else care to try?" Hiccup asked, leaning cockily on one of the axes. Astrid stepped forward and Hiccup's grin disappeared. "As you wish, m'lady." He sighed.

\* \* \*

><p>She had no idea Hiccup could fight like this. Astrid dodged a blow that would have taken out her weapon arm at the shoulder and retreated across the training ground. Hiccup was swinging his left axe relentlessly and she was barely keeping up. Astrid had never seen such confidence in his attacks before. Normally he took a defensive stance when he couldn't avoid combat practice all together. However



it seemed that yesterday he had found something to fight for when she had been taken, giving the swing of his weapon purpose.<p>

It was little wonder his blows were so powerful after all the time he had spent working in Gobber's smithy, and Astrid was thrown off balance by his mostly left handed attacks. She loathed her next thought; he was holding back on her. After all, he used his right weapon only to block it seemed, and Astrid barely needed to pay attention to it.

Her stream of thought was interrupted when she felt cold metal on the back of her left knee; Hiccup had hooked the curve of his right axe around her leg. As his left weapon swung in with a heavy blow, Hiccup pulled his right one forward. Astrid's knee gave out as the force of his blow connected with her block she lost balance and fell towards the ground. Reaching out with her free hand she grabbed Hiccup by the shirt in an attempt to steady herself, but it only caused him to topple forward with her.

As they fell, Hiccup's expression changed from triumphant to concerned. He dropped his weapons, reaching out on either side of her to catch himself. Astrid was puzzled by this, until she hit the ground. The force shook her roughly and in her stomach she could feel a harsh pain where she had been struck the day before.

Hiccup managed to catch himself; his hands on either side of Astrid's head, and his legs straddling her body. He was right above her, so close she could feel his heavy breath on her lips. "Is your stomach okay?" he asked with genuine concern in his voice. Astrid didn't answer straight away; she wasn't seriously hurt from the fall, but she was upset that he had bested her so easily... or had he? A small smile pulled at the right side of her lips as she realized he had dropped his weapons.

Letting go of her axe Astrid reached her arms up around Hiccup's neck; pulling herself up to him she locked his lips against her own. Hiccup froze in shock for only a moment before his right arm was around her back to support her and he leaned into her kiss. Perfect, Astrid thought to herself; she knew it was a dirty trick, but she was not taking this defeat lying down. Planting her left foot as firmly as she could, Astrid pushed with the left side of her body against Hiccup hard and fast. He began to roll over, most of his weight on his left limbs already. His metal leg scrapped across the ground, unable to find traction to support the weight shift. Astrid easily flipped him over so she was on top, their lips still locked together.

Astrid could feel him growing hard beneath her and she felt a pang of guilt for what she was about to do. Groping for her axe her hand closed around the handle and she brought it to his chin. His lips froze against hers and she smiled apologetically, nibbling his lip before pulling away, "I think this means I win."

Hiccup stared blankly at her for a moment and laughed out loud, "Somehow I don't feel much like a loser." She smiled, relieved he was not angry as she set the weapon down beside them.

"Ahem," the two vikings looked up, remembering they had an audience.

Astrid blushed unsure if she should move or not, Hiccup had grown enough that it would not go without notice, but she doubted he would calm down with her above him. She felt Hiccup's hands on her waist pushing to lift her up. She stood, grateful he had made the decision for her. "I think that's enough practice for today," he told the others as Astrid offered him a hand. His voice sounded as if nothing had happened out of the usual, but his face was a deep shade of red "take note of the strategies I used with my second weapon and we will start training you tomorrow."

As Hiccup turned to go, he heard Ruffnut comment, "I'm more interested in the strategies Astrid used." Hiccup couldn't help but smile as he strolled out of the academy, Astrid following close behind to avoid any other comments her friends may have come up with.

\* \* \*

><p>As the sun began to set Dagur watched as Gar circled in the air above him. The man was impressively adept with the beast... perhaps he would make a good captain. When he landed Dagur approached cautiously once more, doing his best to not upset the creature. He offered Spike another chicken leg, which the dragon ate happily, before Dagur lifted himself into the saddle. "Use the spines on his head to steer him," Gar instructed, "but don't be too rough. If you upset him he may toss you."<p>

Dagur had enough experience with dragons to know this was true, and was grateful to Astrid for already taming Spike. "Alright let's go." He told the dragon, giving a slight kick with his heels. Spike took to the air with ease, and Dagur guided him in one lap around the island before taking off towards Berk. Wait till Astrid sees this.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup was hard at work facing his desk as Astrid crawled silently in the window that night. Toothless perked up his head and Astrid placed a finger to her lips, hoping the dragon understood. Letting out a huff, the Nightfury settled down beside Hiccup again. The noise earned the dragon a pat from his rider, but Hiccup didn't look up from what he was working on.<p>

Now that Astrid was in the room she crept towards the young man. When she was directly behind him she leaned forward, draping her arms over his shoulders, and burying kisses along his neck the way he had done to her the night before. Hiccup dropped his charcoal on top of the desk, moaning deliciously as her hands slipped under the top of his baggy green shirt, and down his chest. "What are you working on?" She whispered the question in his ear, licking and nibbling on the lobe as she waited for a reply.

"A-aahhh flight suit," he groaned, his head tilted back, trying to find her lips. She pulled away and he turned his chair out from under the desk intending to follow, but she straddled his lap before he could stand.

"Aren't you supposed to be at the town meeting?" She asked, raising a teasing, skeptical eyebrow as she brushed a strand of hair out of his eyes.

"I'm not chief yet." Hiccup groaned, as her hips rolled against him. "Astrid what are you doing?" After the arena today he was already very excitable, and now she was driving him crazy. It had been his decision to wait, not hers and now Hiccup was unsure if he could remain firm on the issue... especially when she made him so firm in other ways.

"Well," Astrid smiled, wrapping her hands around the back of his neck, "Everyone else is in the Great Hall, and these meetings tend to go on for hours..." Her voice trailed off and she bit her lower lip, cheeks flushing. "I thought I could take some time to make this afternoon up to you."

Hiccup looked her up and down, noticing that she was neither wearing her shoulder pads, or her skirt, only her tight leggings and her top. Astrid never removes her armour, Hiccup suddenly felt very conscious of how little cloth separated their bodies. "But your bruise?" it was a half hearted protest, but he needed to make it once more.

A mischievous smile spread across Astrid's face as she leaned in close to Hiccup, "Who said anything about doing that?" she asked, as her hands lifted his shirt up, revealing his softly toned abdomen. "There are other things I can do to make you feel almost as good." Tugging at his shirt Astrid raised it up to his shoulders before Hiccup grabbed the bottom, and pulled it over his head. Before he could even drop it behind him, Astrid's lips were against his skin once more.

"Hey there," Hiccup chuckled, a thought occurring to him; "I think if I'm shirtless you should be too. I mean fair is fair m'lady." She hesitated, suddenly feeling unsure of herself; after all, no one had seen her bare body since she had been a child. She wasn't insecure, but the thought still gave her pause. Hiccup watched in anticipation and out of the corner of her eye Astrid saw Toothless climb out the window and onto the roof, offering the two some privacy and she supposed, silent consent for any acts following. Looking back to Hiccup she swallowed her doubts, pulling her own top above her head. "Gods," he gasped, "you're beautiful." Astrid didn't think so, but the tone in Hiccup's voice made her almost believe him.

As he brushed his hands against her exposed skin she could feel him hardening beneath her, against his left leg. That won't do, she thought, pulling at the drawstring of his trousers. Hiccup's eyes went wide, his cheeks flushing as she readjusted him against his abdomen. "Oh calm down," she laughed, but her cheeks were hot as well. Her hand lingered for a moment, brushing against him as she pulled his trousers back up, "I was only making you more comfortable." To herself however, she conceded this was only a half truth.

A feeling of warmth had begun to grow in her belly, and the muscle of her walls had begun flexing of their own will. The same had happened the night before, when she had her legs around him. Hiccup had likely not realized, but she could feel his pressure against her; it had been what pushed her over the edge of control. She wanted that feeling again. She needed it in order to have the courage to do what she wanted to next.

Leaning into him, Astrid gently began rocking her hips, bringing forth soft groans from the both of them. Hiccup's mouth found hers once more and Astrid felt his hand trail up her neck and into her hair, holding the back of her head. His right hand gripped her waist and Hiccup instinctually began bucking with her, brushing her jewel as he moved. She moaned loudly and felt him throb against her as if in response to her voice.

"Gods I love those noises you make m'lady." He told her when they broke their kiss, bucking a little harder to earn himself a gasp from her lips. Astrid could feel something building inside of her. Panting heavily she rolled her hips into him more urgently. Hiccup, ever attentive to detail understood what this meant and matched her speed. Astrid succumbed to her pleasure as Hiccup's lips brushed her neck once more she let out a soft cry of euphoria. As her hips slowed with the fading of the waves, she felt Hiccup's hands brushed her breasts which were erect in the cool night air. "So beautiful..." he crooned in her ear. This time, she believed his words. "What would you like to do now m'lady?" his fingers were caressing her body gently, as he spoke.

Astrid reached for the drawstring of his trousers once more.

\* \* \*

><p>As Dagur flew over Berk he was surprised to see no one outside on such a fine night. <em>It's just as well,<em> he thought guiding his Nadder to the ground just outside the chief's house, \_this way no one will see me\_. Dagur scanned the houses, trying his hardest to remember which one belonged to Astrid. Realizing he had no clue, Dagur let out a guttural growl but then he heard something from the open window above him.

"Astrid...gods! H-how are yo-ooou..." Urging his Nadder into the air, Dagur hovered outside the window just long enough to realize what he was seeing. Before the Berserker chief had time to react an angry Nightfury ran at him from the roof. Forgetting that Hiccup's dragon could not fly without his rider, Dagur took off into the night seething in anger.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup paid his dragon no heed as Astrid's lips caressed him. His hands were buried in her thick hair as she elicited various gasps and moans from him. Astrid was oblivious to Toothless's outburst all together, her eyes fixed on Hiccup and her thoughts were only of him. Her fingers brushed his sac and Hiccup's length quivered in her hand. "Aahh-strid..." His eyes were filled with lustful affection, and his voice was husky "I'm so close." She smiled.<p>

Her hands moved rhythmically, coaxing Hiccup to his peak. As her lips closed around him she felt something warm and thick fill her mouth. Her hands slowed, but did not cease until she was sure he was done. Swallowing Astrid made a face; it tasted awful, but she liked the way the warmth spread as it traveled down her throat. "How was it?" she asked him smiling, already knowing the answer.

Hiccup was still finding his breath as he answered, "Gods Astrid, where did you learn to do that?" He lifted her off the floor and back onto his lap.

"I think my sex talk was a little more detailed than yours," she teased, draping her arms around him once more, "but you are quite skilled with those hips."

Hiccup grinned, "Dragon riding." Astrid hummed in agreement, resting her sleepy head on his shoulder. "Astrid you are the most beautiful woman in all of Midgard. I feel like this is a dream."

Taking Hiccup by the hand, she guided him over to his bed, "Then how about I stay until you wake up?"

\* \* \*

><p>When Stoick arrived home from the Great Hall he found Toothless lying by the fireplace. When the door closed behind the chief the dragon stood up. "What's the matter boy?" Stoick looked up to Hiccup's room, "Why are you down here?" Looking up the stairs to his son's room he listened closely. Paired with his son's snores he could here a soft sighing of another voice asleep in his room. Looking down at Toothless critically Stoick asked, "You allowed this?" the dragon shrugged, settling onto the floor once more. Stoick removed his helm with a sigh, he would have words with Hiccup tomorrow. As the future chief Hiccup was going to do these things properly.<p>

\* \* \*

><p><em>As always, let me know what you think!<em>

## 5. Chapter 5

\_With the discovery of a new season of the TV show I have suddenly been hit with the urge to write more fanfiction (go figure). With the age jump in the third season, I've edited the old chapters to take place shortly after the first 2 episodes of season 3. (If you've already read them they haven't changed much) I don't like it when my fanfics directly contradict cannon, and to be honest it fit pretty well there and gives me ammunition to write further chapters. No promises how many chapters you get before I drop off the earth again... at least two though! Maybe more.\_

\_All characters are owned by Dreamworks\_

\* \* \*

><p>"Dad you don't underst-"<p>

"Oh I understand son." The Chief's voice thundered through their house and from the corner of his eye Hiccup watched Toothless bolt out the window. Astrid had left by the same window only moments before. Stoick had been waiting downstairs for her to depart before stomping up to speak with his (at that time still sleeping) son. "Two nights ago I was the proudest father in Berk. Not many men would have restrained themselves the way you did; most would have done what you did last night."

Hiccup crossed his arms defiantly and looked away blushing, "We didn't do that," he said defensively.

"Then what exactly did you do?" Hiccup turned deep red and Stoick gave him no time to answer. "It all leads to the same place in the end. Hiccup you will be chief some day, but you aren't ready now and you certainly aren't ready to be rearing a child."

"Dad we didn't-" Hiccup stood up in protest but his father silenced him with a glare.

"From now on you and Astrid are not to be alone together. You must be accompanied at all times..."

"Fine, it's not like Toothless and Stormfly aren't with us most of the time anyways."

"...by another Viking. Your dragon proved last night that he was not a responsible chaperone."

Hiccup hit the wall with his balled fist, "Are you serious? We're grown adults! I'm not old enough to make my own decisions and be responsible for them?"

Stoick grabbed Hiccup's shirt and pulled his son eye level to him, "You are not ready to deal with the responsibilities of your careless actions. Now your chief has given you an order. I suggest you obey it."

\* \* \*

><p>That had been the end of that, for some time Hiccup found it impossible to even have a quiet word with Astrid without being overheard, let alone some time alone with her. He noticed too that she had become withdrawn from him. Hiccup knew that when she had left his room that morning she was still well within earshot of the discussion he and his father had. She was either avoiding the wrath of Stoick the Vast, or his father's words had carried more weight with her than they had with Hiccup. What ever the reason for it, they had suddenly reverted back to just friends. Hiccup didn't like it and each day crawled by slower than the one before.<p>

In that time the riders had established their base camp at Dragon's Edge. It took nearly a month to finish construction of the separate huts and the central club house. Finally finished, Hiccup was beginning to see this place as a second home. He entertained thoughts of one day founding a sister village on this island, but for now he was happy to have new places to explore and adventures to keep him busy.

\* \* \*

><p>Stretching his arms, Hiccup looked over his work for the evening and smiled. The concept drawings for the flight suit were really coming along nicely. One more night and he would be ready to build his first model. Pulling his chair away from the desk Hiccup turned to see Toothless sleeping soundly in his part of the room. <em>I guess it has gotten quite late.<em> Making his way to his own bed Hiccup yawned as he pulled his shirt over his head. Sitting down on the side of the bed he leaned over to remove his metal limb, when there was a knock at his door.

Hiccup felt his heart skip a beat at the sound. If the island was in

trouble he was certain he would have heard yelling before anyone got close to his door, and the knock was too firm to be Fishlegs, but too soft to be anyone else other than, "Astrid," he greeted her as he opened the door and gestured for her to come in, "what are you doing here?"

She didn't answer right away, instead she looked around his hut for the first time. The forge was a separate room outside and more open to the air, but there were vents against the wall to provide heat in the colder months of the year. His living space was simple, a desk, and a bed for both him and Toothless. Other than that there was a small hearth and a fair bit of open space near the door. "I wanted to talk to you," she said eventually, "but there isn't really room to sit here."

"Yeah sorry about that... I guess I never considered we would meet outside the clubhouse. I should get some chairs and a table in here..." They stood there in a painfully awkward silence for a moment before Hiccup filled the space, "Here take my desk chair, I'll sit on the bed while we talk."

Settling into the chair Astrid blushed as she watched Hiccup drop onto the bed. The light of the fire cast small shadows on his bare chest, highlighting every toned muscle. She remembered how it had felt to touch his skin, how it had felt when he had touched hers... suddenly Astrid didn't want to talk.

"So," Hiccup leaned back against the wall, with his hands behind his head, "what did you want to talk about?"

Looking away from him in order to clear her head for a moment, Astrid searched for the words she needed. Eventually she gave up. Shrugging Astrid just said, "Stoick." Hiccup sat straight up and looked around, as if he feared that speaking his father's name could summon him to the island; Astrid couldn't help but smile but it faded quickly. "He didn't approve of what we did that night."

Hiccup let out a deep, tired sigh. "No he didn't. He said what we did was foolish, irresponsible, and that we were not ready to face the repercussions that could come of it." The room was silent for a moment save for the dragon's steady breathing.

"Do you agree with him?"

"What?" the question took Hiccup completely by surprise.

"Do you think what we did was foolish or irresponsible?" Astrid was on the edge of her seat, eyes intently gazing into his.

"No." Hiccup's voice was firm and his eyes matched her fire as he answered, "No I don't."

She came at him with such force that he fell backwards. Her lips found his before his head touched the blankets and his hands were in her hair and around her waist with equal speed. She had meant to say more; that they should be cautious and not go too far too quickly, but when it came down to the moment she decided that wasn't what she really wanted. "Oh Hiccup," her words were breathy as she whispered into his ear, "I want...aahhh"

Hiccup's lips against the nape of her neck cut off her train of thought. Astrid melted into his mouth as he traveled up the side of her neck, and nibbled on her earlobe. "I'm sorry m'lady," he chuckled, licking the rim of her ear teasingly, "what was it you wanted?" his soft breath sent a shiver through her body.

"You," Astrid moaned, "I want all of you."

\* \* \*

><p>"That's right, just like that. Gods I love that dirty tongue of yours." his hands gripped Astrid's blond hair tightly as he guided her mouth along his full length. Pulling her in he pushed deep into her throat. Astrid gagged, tightening around him. "Not used to so much are you? I know I'm quite impressive."<p>

"Impressive?" her voice echoed the word mockingly, "You have no idea what he is packing down there, and don't even get me started on your dragon." Her words were laced with venom as she spoke, "Hiccup tamed a nightfury and all you could manage was a deadly nadder? You are nothing compared to him and you never will be. You are a pathetic excuse for a Viking."

Dagur woke in a cold sweat for the third time this week. He hated Hiccup for humiliating him, and he needed to find a way to prove himself to Astrid. He knew she would respect his strength. He just needed to show her... and find something more impressive than a deadly nadder to ride while doing it.

\* \* \*

><p>"Astrid are you sure?" Hiccup sat up and Astrid shifted so she was straddling his lap. He would be lying if he said he hadn't dreamed of this but... "this is all very sudden after the month of silence we just had." As he looked at her Hiccup realized she was pretending not to hear him. Her attention was on his chest as she traced the outline of his muscles. "Astrid," his voice was a little firmer this time and Toothless stirred in the corner.<p>

"Of course this is what I want," her voice sounded defensive and a little angry, "why else would I have come here tonight?"

"You had said you wanted to talk." Hiccup took in a sharp breath as Astrid placed her hand on his inner left thigh, gently running her hand along what she knew was not his leg.

"We did that already," she smiled mischievously as he began to grow under her touch, "and now I want to do other things..."

"As-Astrid," he was trying. Gods he was trying, "don't you think we should take this slow?" In response she took his hand, opened his palm, and guided it under her skirt. Hiccup's eyes widened.

"I'm ready Hiccup, gods I've been ready for weeks! Do you feel how ready I am?" Hiccup nodded silently as his fingers rubbed against the soaked material of her leggings. Her hips rolled into his hand and her words came between moans, "We've waited long enough Hiccup, I don't want to wait anymore. We finally have a place where we can be together...please don't send me away."



Hiccup's throat felt dry as he tried to find the right words for what he was thinking. "Astrid," she froze as he removed his hand, placing it on her hip, "I feel like I've waited an eternity since that night, but I get the feeling that this wasn't what you had in mind when you came in here." She shifted her weight above him uncomfortably and Hiccup was certain he was right. "If I thought for a moment that this was what you truly came here for..." he smiled at the thoughts which were left unsaid.

"Is there anything I can do to change your mind?" Hiccup could hear in her voice that she already knew the answer.

"If you would like you can stay the night," he offered, "and we can see where we stand in the morning."

Astrid sighed in defeat. "Why do you always have to be a gentleman?"

"Because m'lady deserves nothing less."

\* \* \*

><p><em>Well there you have it.<em>

\_ I hope all of you felt as uncomfortable reading the first bit of that dream sequence as I did writing it. I will not apologize for it though; I needed something to break up the scene and that worked perfectly. \_

\_As always I appreciate feedback! Let me know what you think is working or not with my writing. \_

\_If past history is any indication, expect a few new updates before I drop off again for a while...but I will be back!\_

End  
file.